ARE MODELS OF MODERN SANITA-TION AND CLEANLINESS.

One for the Family Cooking and the Big One for State

Written for The Evening Star.

Furnishing Details. There are two kitchens, a small one to the west, and the main one leading out of it, which is about forty feet long by twenty-five feet wide. Both rooms have cement floors, while the walls are wainscoted to the height of six or eight feet with white tiles. These rooms are supplied with every modern kitchen appliance. Over on the south side of the large room is a great hooded range covering almost the entire wall and provided with numberless baking and warming ovens. In the center of the room is a long deal table, and sus-pended from the ceiling directly over it is a mammoth circular swing, on which are hanging the cooking utensils, brass kettics and pans shining like burnished glass. Over on the north side of the room are two closets reaching from ceiling to floor. Their upper parts are shelved and filled with tinware and crockery, while the lower is divided into flour, meal and cereal bins, with other compariments for sugar, salt, spices, and so forth. Over on the south side are the sinks and appliances for dishwashing, while on the north, underneath the big windows with their ground glass panes, are the side tables. In the northeast corner of the family kitchen, which is furnished on a smaller scale in the same manner as the large one is the dump water. manner as the large one, is the dumb-walt-er, where the food for the dining room is

As may be imagined, it is something of an undertaking to prepare all of the viands in these kitchens for the magnificent state dinners which are given each winter in the Executive Mansion, but that it is done in so faultless a manner reflects credit upon those who manage it. The state dining room is a stately, spacious apartment, but it can only seat forty persons, and is now too small for the number of guests who must be entertained at these official functions. For that reason during the past three years the tables for these dinners

decorations. Chains of vari-colored elec-tric lights are swung across the ceiling, over the mirrors, and frequently outline the floral designs. The table is as handsome as Seeger had been directing the efforts of the rescuers, but now there was more important work at hand. The property of his employers was endangered. It could be saved only by flooding the mines. He had started toward the long-distance telephone booth, when Marvin stepped in his path. "Mr. Seeger," he said, quletly, "there can't be more than five feet between the workings of Nos. 7 and 6, and Caughey and the others must be at the far end of the gangway in 7—if they're alive. I know every inch of that ground. A light charge of dynamite would break the wall. They'd have a fighting chance. At least, I could get in and see."

Seeger listened impatiently. He was not the forest was more important work at hand. The property of the mirrors, and frequently outline the floral designs. The table is as handsome as rare buds and blossoms, cut glass, price-less china, silver and fine napery can make it, while the bill of fare itself is such as any ledy of taste and refinement would place before her guests at a choice dinner. It usually comprises from six to eight course, and is about two hours in being served.

An official Duty.

These dinners are, of course, official affairs, and are given by the President as a part of his official duties. In consequence

'Any one in a more hopeless condition it would be hard to find. My stomach refused to perform its functions without heroic measures and intense suffering.

"Doctors diagnosed my case as locomotor ataxia and my family physician gave me every care and attention possible, but all his prescriptions during

two years were powerless to alleviate my suffer-ings or in any way afford the slightest relief.

NEW JEWELRY RARE

A GIRL'S SUGGESTION AND A PARIS

WORKMAN'S SKILL.

Exquisite Flowers Carved From Rock

Crystal and Sprinkled With

Diamond Dewdrops.

This year, for the first time, those Amer

ican women who go abroad for their jew-

brought back with them necklaces, brooch-

es, pendants, tiaras and pins in which pre-

clous gems play a subordinate part. High

art, rather than high price, is the keynote

marvels of workmanship fit to grace the

cabinets of a museum. The work is the

output of a new school in Paris, the object of which is to give a renaissance to

the art-jewelry of Benvenuto Cellini and

his fellows. Specimens of gold carvings in the form of scarfpins, signet rings and curlously-designed sleeve links are owned and highly prized by a few American men

Written for The Evening Star.

is a magnificent brooch; a circlet of the flowers around a large moonstone. These jasmine jewels he exhibited at the Salon, where they took a first prize. They are now in the possession of the New York

The Women of Switzerland.

but the streets extending in every direction from the square are lined with women and from the square are lined with women and little girls sitting on boxes, overturned tubs, or even on the sidewalk, with their baskets of produce before them. It is the most beautiful sight I ever saw, in the way of display of vegetables, fruits and flowers. The peasant women have good, wholesome faces, usually wearing thick woolen skirts, blouse waists, with long blue gingham or coarse, but spotlessly clean, white aprons. The young girls of twelve, and boys, both

To see all classes of Swiss people, especially the women, and many other nationalities as well, one does well to go to the market on Saturday. Very early in the

morning the Swiss peasant comes from his mountain or country home, bringing his vegetables, fruits, flowers, cheese, etc. There is a large square devoted to that purpose,

cured anybody.

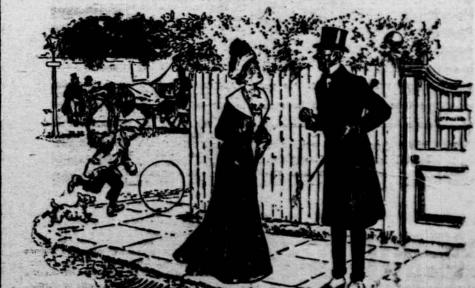
A Desperate Man.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"No, Gladys McGoogle," he said in his deep and earnest voice, "life without you

"Revolver or rope?"
"Neither."





PASTOR MARVIN'S CONVERSION. WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY WINTHROP ALLEN.

Church-going was good enough for women, argued the sturdy miners of the Cross Cut Coal Company. It kept their tongues wagging on other themes than the shortcomings of their husbands. But for men! Well, why should they, on this one day in seven, when they might bask in sunshine and breathe air unpolluted by noxious gas and firedamp, shut themselves within the

20

narrow walls of Zion Church? Yet, strangely enough, on this particular Sunday in May, every one of them manifested a surprising determination to be numbered in Parson Marvin's flock, and loud and earnest were the demands for shoe brushes and "boiled shirts."

It was old Tom Caughey, boss of No. 7 shaft, who told Father Feeley the reason. as he stood, hat in hand, when his spiritual adviser came out from early mass.

'It's no hard penance you'll put on me,

knowing many wonderful things, and yet—
They did not understand, but he did. It
pierced his very soul. Their disappointment was pitiful. In some way he had
failed them—how they could not say.
He reached his peroration. What was he
to tell them? That men no longer needed
miracles to convince them of the love and
tenderness of God? Suddenly before his
eyes rose a grayish mist, and in the center of it stood out the black-robed group ter of it stood out the black-robed group on the right-hand aisle. He faltered, stammered a few words and abruptly folded his

The prayer which followed was more lifeless, more cold than the sermon. Lucy, listening as one frozen in shocked surprise, forgot to bow her head, and, with wide-open eyes, watched the face of the young preacher, now almost harsh in its stern-

She slipped out the side door, and when

father and son, still erect, still proud, still silent, entered the parsonage dining room, a bouquet of fresh spring flowers graced the father, for goin' to Pastor Marvin's church table. They seemed almost a mute, gentle



"HE BENT OVER AND KISSED HER."

the day? Sure, it's little Arthur that'll be preachin' to the people of Wymore Gap for the first time. He's been away to college these three years, an' they do say he's a smart man-him that took many a ride down in the carriage with me, an' has played roun' the breakers ever since me

He paused, and Father Feeley grasped the thin, muscular hand.

"With the saints by now, Caughey, never fear. Yes, you go and hear young Marvin. I mind him myself, a likely spoken and civil-mannered lad, who seemed always to love our mines and men."

Three hours later Arthur Marvin stood, with tightly folded arms, gazing from his window across the square to the church which had been his father's charge, and which, according to the rules and regula-tions of the denomination he represented,

might now become his.

Eagerly he watched for each familiar face in that slow-gathering congregation. There was Mary MaoNeal, whose husband and son had been killed in the explosion of -yes, there was dear old Caughey. A band of rusty black still clung round his Sunday hat, though to Arthur it seemed years since he and Tim-square-shouldered, light-hearted, honest intentioned Tim-had chased nearted, honest intentioned Tim—had chased round the breakers together. Then one day Tim had gone down to work in his father's shaft—and had never come up again. Just one day! Arthur felt a strange grip on his throat. He turned abruptly from the window as Caughey, with uncertain steps, entered the unaccustomed place of worship. They crossed the little square together, Pastor Marvin tall stalwart and proud de-Pastor Marvin tall, stalwart and proud, despite his threescore years; Arthur a trifle shorter, slighter and fairer than his fashorter, slighter and fairer than his father, but with the same determination in his bearing, and Lucy. No one in all Wymore Gap knew Lucy's history. Pastor Marvin had one day been called suddenly to Philadelphia, and when he had come back Lucy had come, too. Some said she was the daughter of a boyhood friend who, in dying, had bequeathed the child to The Marvins. Another popular tale held that she was the orphan of a repentant parishioner. Be that as it might, the gossips united in declaring that Lucy had develioner. Be that as it might, the gossips united in declaring that Lucy had developed, in the placid life of Zion parsonage, like a rare mountain flower, and that if she did not in due time accept the heart and hand of Arthur Marvin, then truly would every tradition of poetic and romantic justice be shattered.

Bide by side walks the contract of the

mantic justice be shattered.

Bide by side walked father and son, down the center atsle and up the steps to the haircloth sofa behind the gaunt, unlovely pulpit. Side by side they sank on their knees, and old Caughey, nervously fingering the crepe band on his old-fashloned derby, murmured an "ave," unconscious of its incongruity in this church, where there were neither altars nor candles nor sadeyed Madonnas.

derby, murming in this church, where there were neither altars nor candles nor sadvered Madonnas.

When the simple introductory service was fanished Arthur rose, unfolded his manuscript and announced his text. Then he paused and looked almost wistfully into the uplifted faces. By some strange coincidence, Mary MacNeal, Bessle Maguire, Liszie Dugan and old Caughey sat close together on the right-hand alial. His glance rested, as if hypnotized, on that blur of black, then, with shaking hands, he turned the first page of his sermon. It was a discretation on the resurrection of Lazarus, and the people listened wonderingly to his vivid word pictures of the scene, his sonorous periods, the infections of his rich, well-trained voice. For twenty minutes he read on, yet each word seemed to strike against a sounding board and come back to him with a mocking, metallic ring. Tes, arthur Marvin, their Arthur wide."

Witness of your disgrace. You are no you, but you will not see the light."

His hand pointed to the door. And Arthur understood. Night was settling down on Wymore Gap when Lucy tapped at Arthur's door. He state of the simple introductory service was with the list and pointed to the door. And Arthur understood. Night was settling down on Wymore Gap when Lucy tapped at Arthur's door. He state of the simple introductory service was withing down and love will be store the light."

Night was settling down on Wymore Gap when Lucy tapped at Arthur's door. He state of the list at his window watching the tiny lands, he list at his window watching the tiny lands, he land pointed to the door. And Arthur understood the list at his window watching the tiny lands when Lucy tapped at Arthur's door. He list at his window watching the tiny lands when Lucy tapped at Arthur's door. He list at his window watching the tiny lands when Lucy tapped at Arthur's door. He list at his window watching the tiny lands when Lucy tapped at Arthur's door. He list at his window watching the tiny lands when Lucy tapped at Arthur's door. He list at

prayer for tolerance, for patience, but the eyes of the elder man never strayed their way. Finally he dropped his fork, his nap-kin slipped to the floor and one strongly-veined hand fell upon the tablecloth with

an almost despairing crash.
"The first Marvin in four generations to fail! Preachers before you, every one of us-father, grandfather and greatgrand-father, and you, my only son, fail me-ut-

terly.' There was no appeal in that voice, squared his shoulders, and his voice rang out more convincingly than from the pulpit. "It is not my fault, father. If you had spent one-half the money you put into my theological course on making an engineer of me I would have been a credit to you. But now—well, I did my best to please you, but the work is not for me nor in me."

His father stepped to the study and we His father stepped to the study and re-turned with a letter bearing the notehead

of the seminary from which Arthur had just been graduated. Arthur read it and handed it back to his father, his face turning ashy gray. "I will not call Dr. Crawford a spy or an informer. It was probably his duty, or part of it, to keep you informed as to my movements, but he might have gone further. He might have said that every reci-tation I missed was made up—that every absence could have been accounted for in the office of an expert engineer—that my visits in the slums were for the purpose of studying the real condition of the lowest studying the real condition of the lowest and most slavish working classes. As for heretical speechs—I wish I had made more of them. I wish I could have dragged every one of those students away from their books to men, to the lives into which they were expected to bring relief and comfort."

Pastor Marvin stood with livid face, the letter crumpled and moist in his hand, and the voice of his son swept on.

"Now that we are at the root of this."

"Now that we are at the root of this matter, let's speak the truth. I'd rather give men a chance to live here than to assure them of safety in the life to come. How can they prepare for a future existence amid conditions so degrading? How can they serve the God I preach when they

Pastor Marvin swayed and clutched a

Pastor Marvin swayed and clutched a chair back for support. And this was the son of a preacher whose—
"How can I look to these people for financial support when I know that every dollar they pay into the church is earned at the risk of their lives? I tell you I'd rather invent some means for neutralizing fire-damp, of lessening the chances of explosion, than to tell these people to accept privation and death as dispensations of Providence. And there was no other way to convince you that I was not meant for the work than just what I did today—to let you see for yourself that I was a failure—a dead failure!"
"And you flaunt it in my face! You boast that you were a failure—and I the witness of your disgrace. You are no son of a Marvin. I have done my best for you, but you will not see the light."

His hand pointed to the door. And Arthur understood.

he does not wish you even to see me."

For an instant the girl's spirit rose in rebellion. Then she looked into the calm, clear eyes of the man who loved her, and yet, for that love, would not break his word, and a brave smile came to her lips.

open within a-

with a common miner.

The next morning John Seeger, superintendent of the Cross Cut Company's mines, glanced up from his desk to face Arthur Marvin. He had heard of the scene at Zion Church, and he wondered if the young fellow was ready to start anew in an humbler way perhaps by asking the privilege bler way, perhaps by asking the privilege of holding noon prayer meetings in the

he inquired, politely.
"You can give me a job," Mr. Seeger.
The superintendent whistled softly and leaned back in his chair. Then he surveyed the little form rather superclifously.

"Well, really, Mr. Marvin, I don't believe I can accommodate you. Everything in the office is filled, but if there's a clerkship open within a..."

"Thank you, but I prefer the mines. If there's any chance in No. 7, I'd like to be with Caughey."
Superintendent Seeger almost whistled again, then drew himself up stiffly, as becomes one of his position when dealing

"I think the matter can be arranged. Good morning.' So after this fashion was the name of Arthur Marvin, graduate of the Frances Allen Seminary, added to the payroll of Tom Caughey, boss of No. 7. Not only did he work under Caughey, but he boarded at the boss' simple home, where Mrs. Caughey loved him for his own sake—and Tim's. Wymore Gap gossiped over the af-fair for a time, then arose fresher and more

exciting topics, and Arthur Marvin's future was left to his own determining. He went down into the bowels of the earth day after day, not only to dig, but to study. By and by he changed to other workings. He wanted to know something of other veins, drifts and formations, and far into the night he talked with Tom Caughey, who knew the Cross Cut property as a good Mahometan knows his Koran. Every Sunday morning Arthur went to Zion Church to study something else—the unyielding features of his father and the

pathetic little lines which were beginning to show in Lucy's face. He worked on day shifts and on night shifts, but it was always night down there. The summer waxed stifling hot, and autumn swept on, cool and refreshing, but the temperature in the mines did not vary. Then one day when the first snow was on the ground, and the men, coming from below, looked like gnomes against the glisten-ing hillside. Arthur Marvin again presented himself before Superintendent Seeger. The latter looked up impatiently. What did this son of a preacher want now? Promotion before his turn?

"Well, Marvin, you must be taking a Perhaps in the tone was just a suggestion that men who were above their work were given to taking frequent lay-offs. Arthur

made no reply to the thrust, but plunged at once into the object of his call.
"There's a nasty bit of fire damp in No. 7, and the fans don't seem to carry it off." 'Most miners expect to contend with only fire damp. They don't anticipate a picnic Arthur flushed, but his tone was respect-

"This is not an ordinary amount nor an ordinary kind. It means—trouble." Seeger whirled round in his chair impa-"Our foremen are supposed to look after

these matters, Mr. Marvin, and I believe Standish, our inside man, is perfectly com-Arthur did not mention that Standish had been too intoxicated for three days to distinguish between fire damp and illuminat-

ing gas. He lowered his voice a trifle.

"Mr. Seeger, unless something is done there'll be an explosion within five hours."

The superintendent rose, flushing angrily. Permit me to remind you, Marvin, that you asked me for a job in the mines, not as my adviser-His next words were lost in a deep,

erberating detonation, which shook the very foundations of the long, narrow office The two men looked each other silently in the face. No need for explanations now. From adjacent rooms peered frightened faces, and the next instant from the disfaces, and the next instant from the dis-tance came the sound of many feet hurry-ing toward the top of the shaft. White to the lips, but with a great determination burning in his eyes, Marvin reached the place even before the startled superinten-dent. Yes, it was No. 7—and Caughey was

down there.

The old heartrending scenes were re-enacted. Arthur had witnessed them before. The anguished faces of women hovering near the shaft and about the carriage, the waiting stretchers, that first awful load of maimed and blackened forms, the instant

slowly toward them.
Seeger had been directing the efforts of

Seeger listened impatiently. He was not thinking now of a few imprisoned miners, but of the result to his company and himself if that fire was not controlled. He did not realize the brutality of his next words. "They'd better drown than burn. The mines must be flooded." Arthur's eyes were steely as he watched

Seeger disappear. Then he turned swiftly and dashed toward the mouth of No. 6 shaft. The carriage swayed sullenly over the yawning hole. He turned to face Lucy. "Oh, Arthur, this is awful! Can't they do something? Mrs. Caughey is nearly crozed. What—"

Arthur clasped her trembling hands. "There's not a second to waste. I've got to beat Seeger. When he comes back he'll flood the mines, unless you tell him to wait till he hears from ma" till he hears from me.'

flood the mines, unless you tell him to wait till he hears from me."

"You—"

"Yes; I'm going to break through into No. 7, or—" He bent over and kissed her. "Send some men here. I'll need themafter the explosion."

She would have held him, but already he had stepped on the carriage, and with the rattle and clark of cable drums he shot out of sight. When Seeger came back from the telephone, with determination written on his face, he met an equality determined but pale-faced girl. When he heard her story he exclaimed:

"He'll never come up alive!"

"Yes he will," affirmed Lucy, her faith in her lover paramount to her discretion. "He knows the mines better than you do. He'll never try it unless there's a chance. And you'll give him that chance, won't you?"

Seegar paused and looked into the pleading, uplifted face. If meant a delay of a few moments only. The flames could gain little headway in that time. He strode to No. 7 and detailed a rescue party for No. 6. The news spread like the seething flames far beneath their feet. Arthur Marvin had gone down No. 6 shaft to save the entombed men. No one knew just how, nor asked. It was a ray of hope, and heartsick women joined with willing men in the rush to the head of No. 6 just as a second deep-toned boom fell upon their ears.

Lucy leaned faintly against Pastor Marvin, who had been passing from group to group, praying and administering words of comfort, but who now stood silent and haggard with his eyes straining toward the shaft. Was Arthur alive or had that blast been his death knell? The silence that followed was the silence of death. From the top of No. 6 came no sound. Women looked into each other's eyes and hope died down again. A young girl whose lover was with the fli-fated group underground fell unconscious at Pastor Marvin's feet, but he did not see her.

Hark! Yes; the clang of the engineer's bell. Some one was alive and signallys.

"His father—he wishes to go down. Perhaps Arthur—"

Seeger put the other men aside. Pastor Marvin walked silently on the carriage, then Seeger motioned liney to follow. Down—down—to that awful uncertainty they dropped. The air was still thick with smoke and dust. After signalling the engineer above to stop the carriage, Seeger led them along the gangway toward the No. 7 workings. They could see dimly the great gap in the earth, through which Arthur and Caughey, the latter bruised and bleeding, but still stanch and strong, were drawing a limp figure.

but still stanch and strong, were drawing a limp figure.

By the flickering lamp of the rescuing party Arthur's face looked discolored and drawn. He did not see flucy, and she sprang forward with a glad cry. Then she stopped suddenly. After today her love would come first, always—always, but this she recognized as the appointed hour for another. She drew back. A tall, erect figure strode through the uncertain light, a trembling hand rested on Arthur's shoulder and a voice shaken with feeling exclaimed:

"Arthur, my son, my son—'greater love "Arthur, my son, my son-'greater love hath no man than this," but I-I did not understand. You must forgive."

WHITE HOUSE KITCHENS

Banquets.

Mrs. Roosevelt's kitchen-that is, ths kitchen in the President's house-is something that is of interest to every woman. How the President's wife keeps house is of as much import to the average feminine mind as how the President runs the affairs of state is to the average masculine one, so here is a little description of the culinary department as Mrs. Roosevelt found it. The present kitchens in the White House are directly under the family dining room and the butler's pantry, in the northwest corner of the basement. The original kitchen, which was used as such from the time that Madame Abigail Adams was its mistress until Mrs. Lincoln's regime, was in the central part of the basement, in what is now the engine room. The great fireplace, brick ovens and heating crannies are still there, but the room is just under the shadow of the wide front porch, and must have been a dark place for work at its best. That was probably the reason why Mrs. Lincoln had it changed to its present

State Dinner Nights. have been laid in the long corridors—an ex-pediency which should make us realize the

necessity of a larger dwelling house for the President of this great nation. Caughey and half a dozen of his men thest from the shaft, with the fire creeping slowly toward them.

Cries—"Fire!"

On the night of a state dinner the entire main floor of the mansion is turned into a fairyland of beauty. Every nook, corner and available space is filled with palms, tropical plants, cut flowers and restricted.

part of his official duties. In consequence of this fact it would seem natural to follow that the government would pay for them, but such is not the case. With the exception of the music and flowers, the entire expense is borne by the President. The cost of each of these dinners rarely falls below \$500, and as there are three regular ones—those to the cabinet, the Supreme Court and the diplomatic corps—besides the lesser ones which constantly have to be given the honor of distinguished people whose duties bring them to the capital and whose positions make it incumbent on the President to show them this attention, it can easily be computed what a drain these entertainments are on the executive salary. The government appropriates \$20,-000 annually for the expenses of the White House. This includes the \$1,800 paid to the steward; all servant hire, with the exception of the cook, coachman and one maid: all usual repairs and ordinary refurnishings. The President will pay out of his own pocket the housekeeper Mrs. Roosevelt has installed.



Stylish French Turban

## AN ENTIRE CITY EXCITED OVER A SEEMING MIRACLE

## John Hunter, Blindand Helpless From Paralysis, Now Sees, Walks and Works.

FACTS VERIFIED BY THE MAYOR AND OTHER PROMINENT MEN.

An Investigation by the San Francisco Examiner Demonstrates the Absolute Truth of a Cure That Almost Parallels the Miracles of Old-Its Full Significance to all Nervous Sufferers.

The town of Chico, in Butte County, Cal., is | in a state of excitement over a miracle so mar-velous as to be almost beyond belief. The local to my apparent fate, my niece read an advertisepapers have given columns to the discussion of a case that, with all reverence, might justly be compared with the miracles of old, for here is a man who was blind and he sees, speechless and he talks, powerless to move and he walks and works. Pronounced incurable no later than the spring of last year, he is this week shingling a roof and repairing a building.

So widespread became the fame of this miracle of modern times that a San Francisco Examiner representative visited Chico and made a thorugh investigation of the case. Every scrap of evidence was sifted and the most searching inquiry served only to establish the truth of a cure, that, although miraculous, is unquestionable.

Caused by Paralysis. John Hunter, who has suddenly become one of

"After being virtually given up as a dead man ment of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I discussed it with my family and, almost hoping against hope, determined to try the pills. I men-tioned it to my doctor and he not only gave his consent to my trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills but strongly advised my doing so. Now Sees, Talks, Walks and Works.

"You see the result. From a blind, helpless paralytic, unable to move and so broken down and opeless that life was a burden, I can now walk, do any odd jobs about the place, go down town, and—most wonderful of all—can see. And I owe it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Improvement began while I was taking the second box. I continued taking the pills and from that time on it was gradual but sure. My awful stomach troubles have disappeared, my eyesight veteran of the civil war through which he served has been restored, my brain is clear and active in Co. C of the 120th Illinois Volunteers. He is and if ever a man should be grateful and anxious



JOHN HUNTER.

and builder, and resides on Orient Street, Chico. of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, that man is myself." When seen by the Examiner representative, he related a story that, were it not substantiated by his sworn statement and corroborated by all the

prominent people and officials of the town, would seem like a tale of fiction. "About four years ago," said Mr. Hunter, "I was suddenly stricken with paralysis. I lost all sense of feeling and all power of movement in my right side, from head to foot. I also partly lost the power of speech. I soon became totally blind and was so perfectly helpless that for three years

Given Up as a Dead Man.

Interest in this miraculous cure is intense in Chico and vicinity where the townspeople have the evidence of their own eyes as to its authenticity. Newspaper space is too limited to give express to the many who are willing to be heard, but the following prominent citizens voice the sentiment

C. L. STETSON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me.

THE MAYOR OF CHICO. Gives His Endorsement to the Account

of the Miracle. One of the most prominent and public-spirited citizens of Chico is the Hon. O. L. Clark, now serving his second term as mayor and president of case related above, Mr. Clark told the representa-tive of the San Francisco Examiner that he knew

girl who first suggested them. From Leslie's Weekly.

elry as well as for their clothes have of the newest fashion, and the women of society will display the coming season

younger and older, have thick, wide shoes, coarse socks of blue, gray or bright red color, which reach but two or three inches above their shoes, and bare legs above.

The women and girls usually attend to the
marketing of vegetables, fruits and flowers,
while the men assist the women in the stalls where baskets, woodenware and cheese are

of John Hunter's former helpless condition and

said it was generally considered a hopeless case.

No one was more astounded than Mayor Clark

when he met Mr. Hunter on the street, able to

walk, work and care for himself. He considers

the recovery nothing short of miraculous. In con-

clusion Mayor Clark said he believed the cause of

suffering humanity could be helped by any publicity

A Clergyman's Opinion.

The Rev. W. G. White, paster of the Chier

Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. Hunter is a

member, has known the latter during and since his illness. When asked for an expression on the

"The recovery of Mr. Hunter seems very re-

markable and his present condition is the wonder

Prominent Banker's Statement.

Mr. A. H. Crew is cashler of the Bank of Chico

He is a sound, conservative, able financier, whose

advice is sought after and followed by his towns-people. Mr. Crew told the reporter that he had

known John Hunter for a number of years and

that his recovery was simply marvelous. He knows Mr. Hunter to be very enthusiastic over Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and was

willing to corroborate Mr. Hunter's sworn state-

ment. "I had never expected to see him recover

any of his lost faculties, much less to see him able

to walk, see and work, as he now is," concluded

The Postmaster of Chico.

The postmaster of Chico is Mr. W. W. Wilson

who, when interviewed, said: "I can only corroborate the statements you already have. Every

one you meet and ask will tell you the same thing.

I was at Mr. Hunter's house and saw his pitiable

condition with my own eyes. I have also seen

him today, walking the streets and practically well. I know enough of John Hunter to say that

he would not make an untruthful statement, nor

would be mislead any one as to the means that brought about what we all consider one of the

greatest cures of the age. His affidavit can therefore be absolutely depended upon."

A Marvelous Cure. In the Chico Record, published by Richards &

Deuel, an article appeared from the pen of one

of their reporters sent to investigate the case and

verify the facts. The article was headed: "Rlind

Reads Like Fiction." After reciting the cure of Mr. Hunter, the article continues: "Marvelous

as this may seem to his friends and still more

marvelous as his story of his recovery may appear

to every one who reads it, it is all true, though

fact that he is a living witness with scores of friends to corroborate him." The article concludes with the statement that Mr. Hunter desired the credit for his cure to be given to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

What the California Miracle Means to

Every Nervous Sufferer in the Land. No more astounding cure than that of John

Hunter has ever been accomplished by human

agency, and the significance of it is that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not an ordinary medi-

cine. They are wonderful in their potency in

nervous troubles, small or great, and as they are

on sale in every drug store throughout the country.

they are within reach of all. The cure of such a

severe nervous disorder as that of Mr. Hunter proves the power of the remedy in lesser troubles, such as sciatica, neuralgia, nervous headache, St.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a double action-

on the blood and on the nerves. It is not claimed

of the remedy makes it efficacious in a wider range

of diseases than any other. It is a scientific

direct action on the blood and nerves. Impover-ished blood and badly fed nerves are the cause of

the blood is kept pure, rich and red, and the

If you have any reason to believe that your dealer is not supplying you with the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, order direct

from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schnectady,

N. Y., and the pills will be sent postpaid for fifty cents per box or six boxes for two dollars and a half. Remember that the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured John Hunter when hope had been

abandoned. Pills sold as substitutes have never

nerves strong and active, disease cannot obtain a

ild not be accepted if it were not for the

"Story That

John Hunter Recovers His Sight."

case, Mr. White wrote and signed the following:

given the remedy which restored John Hunte

would be of little use to me."
"Do you mean that you would take the suicide route to escape it?" the fair girl

murmured. "Yes," he answered, "you have guessed

"Neither."

"Gas, then, or poison?"

He shook his auburn locks and smiled at her baffled air.

"What then would you do?"

"Gladys." he slowly answered, "if you refuse my love I will take no chances of failure. I have determined to let a malarious mosquito bite me."

That fotched her.

